

## THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

W. C. PORTER, Publisher.

COLBY. . . . . KANSAS.

### MY LOVE AND I.

An Idyl.

Of sweet fifteen, demure, sedate,  
Her form of grace beyond compare,  
Dark lustrous eyes and raven hair,  
We met, O sovereign day of fate!

My Love and I.

Her girlish beauty smote my heart,  
With golden chains of love it bound me,  
And sweet enchantment wove around me,  
Kind Heaven! oh might we never part.

My Love and I.

My ardent tale was told. She said:  
"My heart's too young for you to move,  
Oh, speak no more to me of love."  
Straight from each other then we fled.

My Love and I.

But out of sight's not out of mind!  
As Jupiter's dark occultation  
Breaks not the power of gravitation,  
Strong subtle cords did yet us bind.

My Love and I.

A demon strove our hearts to sever,  
But mine to her still fondly turned,  
Love's fire it yet more fiercely burned,  
Kind Heaven would not us part forever.

My Love and I.

The patient forester who lays  
An acorn deep in richest mold,  
Waits hopeful till the oak unfold,  
Thus years o'er us did pass like days.

My Love and I.

For in her heart a seed was sown,  
"Twas pity called. It grew up love  
And, fostered by the powers above,  
Shed golden fruit. We were made one.

My Love and I.

Now seventeen years have come and gone,  
Yet does this annual day appear  
The sweetest day of all the year,  
My Barbara, my chosen one.

My Love and I.

Time that the ancient mountains wears,  
And crumbles palaces to dust,  
But strengthens loving hands of trust,  
And thus we grow more kind through years.

My Love and I.

More watchful of each other's thought,  
More pliant to each other's will,  
Heart tendril intertwining, till  
Two souls have into one been wrought.

My Love and I.

Together, up the starry way  
That leads to realms of endless love,  
Through night of Him who reigns above,  
Through grace of Him, the "bleeding  
Love."

My Love and I.

We'll climb, and see the eternal day.  
—Montreal Witness.

### BLEW THEM UP.

#### A Yankee Craft Astonishes Some Chinese Pirates.

In 1875, owing to the wreck of a Boston brig in the China Sea, I was left in Hong Kong in pretty bad shape. After I had carried a flag of distress, as you might say, for two weeks, an Englishman offered to let me work my passage to Liverpool, but as I was about to accept it I ran across a countryman who had a berth for me. One of the largest trading houses in Canton at that time was composed of three Americans, and they owned two small steamers and three or four sail craft. These vessels were employed in collecting goods from the various islands to the South-east, and some of the voyages extended up the Yellow Sea as far as Teng-chow. Just at that time the firm had come into possession of a new steamer, and she was about to make her first voyage. There had been trouble with piratical craft, and the steamer had been fitted out to take care of herself. She carried two six-pounders, twenty American cavalry carbines, a score of revolvers and was fixed to throw hot water over boarders. Her complement of men was fifteen, of whom the cook, steward and three firemen were natives. All others were Americans and Englishmen. The supercargo was an American, who could rattle off the Chinese language as well as the best of 'em, and the captain and some of the others could "smatter" more or less.

Our first voyage was to be up the Yellow Sea, and we carried a load of American and English goods. The cargo well deserved the name of "miscellaneous." There were muskets, fish, spears, sole leather, tinware, looking-glasses, calicoes, buttons, stone-ware, lamps, fish nets, groceries, axes, and almost every thing else you can think of, and the supercargo also carried money to purchase what we could not traffic for. We were to pick up in exchange whatever foreign markets called for in Canton, which included teas, rice, several species of nuts, dyestuffs, roots, barks, skins, &c.

I was in luck to secure the place of mate, for Captain Tabor was a splendid fellow and the crew was one which could be depended on. We had three or four men who understood the handling of the six-pounders, from had been sent over from the United States, and with the supply of small arms at hand we felt ourselves a match for any thing except a regular gun-boat. We got away in good shape, ran up between the coast and the island of Formosa, and then steered to the northeast to fetch the Loo-Kio Islands, which are seven or eight in number and deal in ginseng, sarsaparilla, and other medicinal roots. We stopped a day at Ke-Lung, which is at the northern end of Formosa, and almost opposite Foo-chow, on the mainland, and while here it was noticed that the native members of our crew were very thick with a lot of suspicious characters who were hanging about us the greater part of the day. The supercargo overheard them discussing our voyage and making many inquiries, and when he spoke of the matter to the steward that pig-tailed gentleman explained that all our natives were related to the strangers who had been hanging about, and of course the latter took an interest in them.

I don't know Chinese character as well as some of the others, and was therefore somewhat surprised to hear the captain and supercargo discussing

the impudence of the natives aboard before we had left Ke-Lung by fifty miles. The firemen had given the engineer trouble, and the steward had a certain sort of impudence in his obedience to commands. I did not know until now that a gang of twenty or more of the fellows at Ke-Lung had attempted to induce the captain to give them passage to the island of Tseusan, which we meant to visit. They had offered big passage money and were willing to put up with any accommodations, but he mistrusted them, and firmly declined to have one of them aboard. The steward and firemen were soundly berated by the captain and threatened with irons if any more trouble occurred, and there the matter was dropped. At the close of the second day we dropped anchor off a small island to the southwest of Tseusan called Kung-Wah. There was no harbor, but the depth of the water enabled us to get within a cable's length of the beach in a comparatively sheltered spot.

Captain Tabor had traded at this island a year before, and he knew that the natives were all right as long as they were kept in awe by a superior force. There was a trader on the island and who had a large stock of roots, and after a palaver lasting two days and nights, the supercargo finally made a bargain with him. It was observed by the captain that some change had come over the natives, for on his previous trip they had been eager to close a bargain at any figure named. The natives in our crew had been permitted to go ashore, and a dozen or so of the leading men of the island had come aboard and inspected us. It was night of the second day before a trade was agreed upon. On the following day we were to begin landing and receiving goods. There was a big crowd of natives on shore opposite the steamer, and they had canoes, catamarans and dhows enough to have embarked three hundred people. Just before night closed in we sighted a large junk coming down from the direction of Formosa, but gave her no particular attention. At about nine o'clock she came jogging along at a tramp's gait and dropped her mud hook within two hundred feet of us. I gave her a looking over with the night-glass, and as only five or six men could be made out on her decks it was natural to conclude that she was a trader.

Being in port, with fair weather for the night, the crew might expect that only an anchor watch would be maintained. The men must therefore have been somewhat surprised when Captain Tabor invited our five natives to go ashore, and spend the night with their friends, and announced to the rest of us that we should stand watch and watch. The cook was the only native who did not go. He declared that he had enemies ashore who would kill him, and he was therefore allowed to occupy his accustomed quarters. There were ten of us besides him, and soon after the junk anchored, the guns were cast loose and loaded with grape, the firearms brought up and made ready, and the engineer was instructed to keep steam enough to permit us to move. The cable was arranged for slipping, and then five men turned in "all standing" and the other five of us stood watch. Before this occurred the captain said to me:

"Mr. Graham, this may be going to a good deal of trouble for nothing, but the man who deals with these natives has got to be prepared for any emergency. If they trouble us it will not be until after midnight. I will therefore head the second watch. Keep your eye on that junk, and permit no boat to come aboard under any circumstances."

I distributed my men over the vessel to the best advantage, and reserved to myself the right to act as a free lance. That is, I went from one part of the vessel to another, and kept one eye on the junk and the other on the beach. All was very quiet up to 11:30 o'clock, when I made two discoveries in quick succession. The cook had prepared a large dish of coffee for our use during the night. We had a large urn on a stand in one corner of the dining-room, and a lamp underneath kept the coffee hot. The same thing is in general use in American hotels and restaurants. I was on the point of entering the cabin to secure a drink of the beverage when, as I had passed an open window, I heard the cover of the urn rattle, and then caught the footsteps of some one in retreat. It could be none other than the native cook, I argued, but I did not go to his quarters to verify or disprove my suspicions. I entered the cabin, turned up the light, and carefully examined the urn. The rascal had certainly "dosed" it. There was a grayish powder on the cover and on the edge of the urn, and in his haste he had spilled some on the floor. A look inside showed numerous bubbles on the surface of the liquid, but these broke and disappeared while I was looking. The rascal could have but one object in his actions. I arranged the can so that no one could secure a drink, and then started to notify the captain. As I passed along the deck I looked for the junk, and in an instant saw that she had decreased the distance between us. The tide was setting in and she was either dragging her anchor or had purposely raised it and allowed herself to drift. The captain was up as soon as I touched his arm, and when I reported my suspicions of the cook and the junk he replied:

"Call all the men at once, but make no noise. That junk has got fifty men in her hold, and the natives on shore are in with a plot to capture us. Take a pair of handcuffs and have the cook secured in his berth."

After I had called the men I went to

make a prisoner of the cook, but he was nowhere to be found. His object in remaining aboard up to that hour was to drug our coffee and note what preparations we were making. When he got ready to go he probably swam to the shore with his news, but he could have reported little more than the fact that he had drugged our coffee, which all who were awake at midnight would probably make use of. When the men had received their orders we paid our attention to the junk, and one of the guns was quietly rolled across the deck and trained upon her. When the night glass was directed to the shore we could make out that many of the natives were moving about and evidently getting ready for some expedition. There was no question now but what we were to be attacked. We had a good pressure of steam, plenty of hot water, and the hose was attached and a man assigned to take charge of it.

It was an hour and a half after midnight before there was any decided move on the part of the enemy. The captain of the junk could not have had a night glass, and perhaps he reasoned that we were as badly off. He kept paying out his cable foot by foot until he was so close on us that I could have tossed a biscuit aboard of him. Owing to the set of the tide or to some current, he dropped down to us stern first, while we lay broadside to the beach. The stern of the junk was pointed amidships of the steamer, and our gun would rake his whole deck at every discharge. At one o'clock two men left her in a small boat and went ashore, and then forty or fifty armed men came out of the hold and took their stations on deck. A few had muskets, but most of them carried knives and a sort of hand grenade. These bombs are filled with a villainous compound which is let loose as they are broken, and the fumes are more to be dreaded than a bullet. Their plan, as we solved it, was for an attack on both sides of us at once. A fleet would come out on us from the shore and the junk would drift down upon us at the same time. We had the cable ready to slip, sent the engineer to his post and then waited.

At about half-past one, while the tide had yet half an hour to run, we saw the shore boats make ready. At least 200 natives were ready to come off. They knew that the cook had drugged or poisoned our coffee, and therefore sent a boat in advance of the fleet to see in what shape we were. The boat came up very softly and rowed twice around us before the captain hailed and let them know we were wide awake. Some sort of signal was given from the boat, and the fight opened at once. Just the moment we saw the people on the junk getting ready to drift her down upon us we gave them the grape from the six-pounder. They were not pistol-shot away, with most of the men crowded aft, and I verily believe that the one discharge killed or wounded twenty men. I was at that gun with two others, and a man armed with a carbine was near us. He fired six or seven shots while we were reloading, and three or four musket-shots were fired at us. Our second shot drove all who were left alive below hatches, and, believing that the carbineer could keep them there, we ran the gun to the starboard side to beat off the boats.

It was high time. While the first discharge of the gun had done for a score of them, they were a reckless and desperate lot and would not retreat. They were provided with bombs, spears, blow guns and muskets, and the man who was to sprinkle them with hot water had been shot dead at their first fire. As soon as we got our gun over, some one picked up the nozzle of the hose pipe and turned it loose on every boat within reach. But for the hot water the fellows might have carried us by boarding for 200 to 10 is big odds. Such screaming and shouting and shrieking as they indulged in when the boiling hot water splattered over their half-naked bodies was pandemonium of itself, and all the time we kept playing on them with guns and the carbines. The fight could not have lasted over seven or eight minutes, and as soon as they began to draw off I ran my gun to the port side, loaded with shell, and sent the missile right through the junk's stern. Half a dozen fellows rushed out of the hold and jumped overboard, and I gave her two more. When the third was fired there was an explosion, probably of a barrel of powder, which lifted her decks thirty feet high and split her wide open. She sank right there before our eyes, and the wails of the wounded wretches who floated about for a minute or two were dreadful to hear.

Captain Tabor felt that such treachery as the natives had shown deserved the severest punishment, and we turned both guns loose on the village, and fired forty or fifty shells. When daylight came not a human being was in sight. Portions of the junk had been driven on the beach, and the natives had fled and left every thing behind them. The sharks were probably attracted to the spot by the sounds of firing, and they certainly had a rich feast. I never saw them so thick before nor since, and as they fished up the bodies from the bottom around us, three or four would seize and tug at a single one and quickly tear it to pieces. I was sent ashore with a flag of truce, with four armed men to make it respected, and on the sands I found the body of one of our firemen, and not far off that of our cook. After some hard work I induced the head man to come in out of the forest and talk to me. His name was Wung-Hang, and a more humble man I never met. He laid it all to the people on the junk.

The natives among our crew had conspired with the fellows at Ke-Lung to secure passage aboard and overpower us. When this game could not be worked, owing to the refusal of the captain to take them, they followed on after us in the junk, and found a cheerful co-operator in old Wung-Hang, the trader. He denied taking any part in the affair personally, and added that he did his best to dissuade his people from making the attack. His loss, according to his own figures, was sixty odd killed, while almost every one else was wounded or staled. Five men got ashore from the junk, which had nearly fifty men aboard of her.

We were in a situation to take every dollar's worth of goods the old rascal had in his store-houses, but Captain Tabor had no intention of blasting his prestige in that fashion. We held the trader to the contract already made, and landed our goods and put his aboard. He had been soundly thrashed, and like plenty of other men under the same circumstances, he respected the thrashers. He supplied us with the best of provisions, detailed natives to do all our work, and when we were ready to leave he supplied us with five natives, and gave Captain Tabor full power to decapitate them at the first signs of disobedience. During the next three years, or until I severed my connection with the steamer, we got around to the island about once in six months, and old Wung-Hang always had a good bit of cargo ready for us, and would deal with no one else.—N. Y. Sun.

### ROBERT COLLEGE.

Why Its Bulgarian Graduates Are Hated by the Greek Metropolitans.

Much is said about the interest of England, Austria and Italy, and even Germany, in the efforts of the Bulgarians after independence, and the manifestation of that interest in more or less pronounced expressions of sympathy and approval. But the matter is seldom presented as having special interest for Americans.

We pointed out some weeks ago that as a number of the most influential young men in Bulgaria had been educated in Robert College, Constantinople, by American missionaries, the present movement must be looked upon as the working out of American ideas of liberty in that far-distant land, and certainly America has no reason to be ashamed of her offspring. Never was the cause of human freedom upheld with more dignity and moderation, and seldom with more steadfast devotion. The loyalty to their country's cause of the Bulgarian patriots has not yet been tried so severely as that of other patriots in other ages, but so far as can be judged from their past conduct and present attitude there seems no reason to doubt that while they will not, if they can help it, plunge their country into a bloody and hopeless war, they will do and dare any thing that may offer a reasonable hope of success.

"A Russian," writing to the *Independent*, gives some very interesting information with regard to the influence of Robert College on Bulgaria. He quotes from the Constantinople correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*, a leading Russian newspaper, who tries to blacken the fair fame of Robert College by pretending that it is a mere tool of English politicians.

The correspondent says that over six hundred Bulgarians have been educated in Robert College, and that a number of these now occupy prominent positions in their native land; for instance, Demitroff, Prefect of Philippopolis; Grekoff, ex-Minister, and Gneschoff, who, according to him, is the English candidate for the throne. He further says that these men are Protestants, and that it is the Protestant element in Bulgaria which will give Russia the most trouble.

"A Russian" also quotes from an interview with the Exarch (head of the Greek Church in Bulgaria), by a correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*. The Exarch complains bitterly that since the partial emancipation of Bulgaria the salaries of Metropolitans had been reduced from 12,000 or 15,000 francs to 6,000 francs, also that even the clergymen are placed under the control of "this horrible constitution," and he expresses the earnest desire that "Russia should take us at once under her powerful protection," concluding with the demand that the clergy be supported, theological seminaries opened, and "above all" that the press be bridled.

It is evident from the above that religious as well as civil liberty is at stake in the struggle now going on. The Russian Government is the most despotic in the world in religious as well as in civil matters, and as "A Russian" remarks: "It is easy to foresee what policy would be inaugurated in Bulgaria in case the Russian Government should triumph in that country."

No nobler monument to American liberty could be imagined than the freedom of a noble people secured chiefly through the agency of men who have sat at the feet of American teachers and learned from them the true principles of liberty.—N. Y. Witness.

—St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, of Brooklyn, has formed an organization known as the Mizpah Circle, to promote the spiritual and social improvement of the blind. The idea was original with Miss Jennie E. Moore and has met with great success.—Brooklyn Times.

—Even earthquakes have their uses. Since the shake-up in South Carolina 1,000 persons have been united with the Presbyterian Church, and many times that number with the Baptists and Methodists.—N. O. Picayune.

### FASHION NOTES.

The Very Latest and Most Popular New York Styles and Novelties.

New cloth bonnets in black and colors are shown by the milliners. They are in close, narrow shapes, decorated with jet or silk balls around the rims and crowns, and are sufficiently trimmed with upright ribbon bows.

Hats are less loaded with trimming than last season. Felt hats are much worn, and one to match the color of each costume must be had. Feathers, great tufts of them, drooping toward the left side, a long one trailing toward the back—are the favorite trimming. The birds fashionable upon these hats are sea swallows.

There are three leading things in children's millinery: "Young England's Roll Backs," which are hats with wide brims and low crowns, intended for baby boys, the front brim turning off from the face like the hats worn by the three gendarmes when they sung their famous song in "Genevieve de Brabant." The baby boys wear a close cap of lace and ribbon loops under the brim.

The other two are "comforts," a name applied to cosy bonnets, made mostly of ruby velvet, with a plaited crown and the front edged with chin-chilla and last Turk's caps, which are round, with a pointed bag end at the side, ending in a tassel. These are superseding sailor hats of all kinds as far as children are concerned.

With the cold weather the demand for woolen hosiery increases. Rich, dark colors will be preferred. Among new styles are fleecy stockings. They have the nape on the outside, which gives softness and color, and a wooly surface, though they are of cotton, and their consequent low price is in their favor.

Fedora, Mechlin and Oriental laces are the most popular laces used. French thread and Chantilly lace will supersede Spanish fur-trimming and general use. White and colored crepe lisse, exquisitely embroidered with daisies and other flowers, will be used at the wrist and throat of handsome dresses. The canvas ruelings are not so much used as in the early part of the season.

The newest fans are of moderate dimensions and are of black gauze, mounted on ebony sticks, the leaf and stick being alike set thickly with spangles of gold and silver, or of blue metal or of red. The red spangles produce a peculiarly brilliant effect. For evening wear, white crepe with ivory sticks spangled with gold or silver are shown, and also fans of pale pink or lilac feathers, with the mounting in bone stained to match precisely the hue of the feathers.

Even silk wraps are now made impervious to rain; so are woollens of various grades used for cloaking. The long, loose cloak of this style is very fashionable, and the same shape may be made of corded, lined with plush or flannel, and many line with canton flannel, with silk over this of some bright tint, giving a much neater effect. The curved upper edge is gathered the size of the neck and finished into a velvet band two and three-quarter inches broad, while the back is laid in two plaits on each side, with a belt underneath, drawing the mantle in at the waist.

Red remains in favor and is shown in a variety of shades, terra-cotta, brick, poppy, ruby, cherry and cardinal being a few of the darker shades. Rose-pink, salmon, shrimp and coral are evening shades. Strawberry and raspberry are again seen, but the most popular of all colors is the new tint called heliotrope, a dull, soft purple that is much used for bonnets and is very becoming to nearly all tints of complexion. The hair is to be worn lower by young women. The back-hair will be laid in braided coils at the back of the head for street wear, with a Russian bang; in the evening it is still more popular to heap the hair in soft folds on top of the head, with the bang slightly curled. A very new fashion is two light French twists turning towards each other and meeting all the way up the back of the head, with the ends lightly crimped and folded, held in place by big tortoise-shell pins.—N. Y. World.

### ALFRED'S ESCAPE.

How the Duke of Edinburgh Went on a Spree and Was Punished for It.

An English naval officer, at present in this city, gave your correspondent an interesting little story. Prince Alfred in 1862 was a midshipman on the St. George, to which vessel my informant was assigned at the time it was in the Baltic Sea. The young Prince had two existences. While he was aboard he would be treated in just the same manner as the other fellows of his mess, and pranks were played upon him as frequently as upon the rest. But whenever he went ashore he was a Prince of England, and went in state, always accompanied by Major Cowell, now Sir John Cowell, who was his governor. One of the subalterns would be obliged to steer the barge for his Royal Highness, holding his hat in his hand meanwhile.

"The very idea of a Lieutenant steering the boat for a young midshipman like you," said a chaffing officer to the Prince one day as they rowed to shore. "I'll make you pay for this when you get aboard again."

"Really I can't help it; it's not my fault," the lad replied, laughing.

The St. George was lying off Reval, in the Gulf of Finland, one day, and all hands had been ashore playing cricket. Prince Alfred and his chum, Tom Larkin, who belonged to a yacht in the harbor, determined to go ashore again that night. So after every body was

asleep the Prince stole from his bunk and dropped over the side of the vessel into a fisherman's boat alongside and made for the yacht. There Larkin joined him, and they set off for a spree—and they had it. Meantime Major Cowell was informed of the disappearance of the Prince, and there was a tremendous disturbance on board. Every nook and corner of the vessel was searched, and two boats were sent out to dredge the bottom of the gulf in the fear that the Prince had fallen overboard. Other boats were sent ashore and the town was searched, without success, however. The Prince caught sight of Major Cowell and ran and hid himself under an upturned boat and covered himself with some old sacks lying around. The searching party returned to the vessel, and while a consultation was being held as to what to do next the Prince returned to the vessel, climbed up the chains and was soon in his berth. Here he was found shortly after, and Commander Edgerton immediately sent for him.

"Where you have been, sir?" he demanded, angrily.

"I've been in my hammock," the Prince replied, very innocently.

"I desire no prevarication, sir!" stormed the commandant. "Have you been ashore to-night?"

"Yes, I have," Alfred Guelph answered.

"Who was with you?"

"That I positively refuse to tell."

It was found out, though, later, and poor Tom Larkin was absolutely forbidden the privilege of being presented at court. This was not a great privation to him, as he died shortly afterward. Young Alfred was punished by having his stripes removed, being reduced to the rank of a naval cadet, and made to do double duty for a month. He was to have been at Carlisle three months later to stand as godfather to the child of one of his sisters, but Queen Victoria, who was much displeased with his escapade, refused to allow him even to be present.—Washington Cor. N. Y. Star.

### SUBDUED THE MOB.

How Stephen A. Douglas Saved the Life of Joseph Smith.

He who is what Homer calls a "master of men," has "the will to do, the soul to dare." His mastership shows itself in an emergency by immediate action. In a crisis, he takes the responsibility and turns the scale. A scene in the judicial career of the late Stephen A. Douglas illustrates this sort of mastership. When he was but twenty-eight years of age, he was elected one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois. The circuit to which he was assigned included the Mormon settlements, and the constant conflict between the "Saints" and the "Gentiles" often made his court-house a battle-field.

It happened that the Mormon leader, Joseph Smith, was put on trial for some criminal offense before Judge Douglas. The people flocked to the court-house, anxious to see Smith convicted and punished, because they thought him responsible for all the crimes charged against the Mormons. When it was whispered that the evidence would not secure a conviction, it was proposed that the citizens should enter the court-house, seize Smith and hang him. A gallows was hastily built in the court-house yard, and a boisterous mob rushed into the court-room where the prisoner was about to be tried.

"Sheriff," called out Judge Douglas, as the mob crowded toward the place where Smith sat, "clear the room! The proceedings of the court are interrupted."

"Gentlemen, you must keep order! You had better retire," said the sheriff, a small, weak man, trying to carry out the court's order.

"Judge," said he, as the mob, instead of retiring, kept crowding towards the prisoner, "they won't go out, and I can't make them."

Several of the ringleaders, stimulated by the sheriff's confession, jumped over the bar and started to seize Smith. They were arrested by Judge Douglas rising and calling out to a large Kentuckian, who stood six feet and a half.

"I appoint you sheriff of this court. Select as many deputies as you require. Clear the court-house. The law demands it, and I, as Judge of this court, command you to enforce the law and preserve the peace."

The suddenly-appointed sheriff obeyed the Judge's orders. Hastily calling upon half a dozen men to serve as deputies, he knocked down three ringleaders; his deputies pitched six more out of the windows, and in a few minutes the court-room was cleared of the mob, who, seeing the fate of their leaders, scampered out of the door.

Judge Douglas' prompt action prevented a murder and secured a fair trial to the prisoner. But he had assumed an authority which did not belong to him. As the duly-appointed sheriff was present, he had no legal right to appoint any one to act as sheriff. He knew that before he spoke, but a moment's delay would have sealed Smith's fate. He took the responsibility, and met the emergency by the immediate action which prevented a murder.—*Youth's Companion*.

—The diamond situation in Kentucky seems to be about this: That the geological situation is exactly right for diamonds, but that the diamonds have neglected their opportunity and are not there.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

—Mrs. Langtry is said to be writing a novel dealing with English life in England and America.